

The Pocahontas Times.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS. EDITORS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1902.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

KIPLING'S LATEST POEM

Editor Times:

Can you give me the words of Kipling's latest production that contains the expression, "Flannelled fools at the wicket and muddled oofs at the goals?"

We cannot. We have not seen it and if we had we could not print it for it is copyrighted in this and all other countries, and if we printed it Kipling would secure judgment of \$100,000 damages against us and consume the profits of the Pocahontas Times for a full year.

We imagine however that the poem is to the following effect:

The flannelled fool at the wicket,
The muddled oof at the goals,
The frenzied fend with the racket,
The doddering dunc that bowls,
The weak minded man that fishes,
The poor lost man with a gun,
The man that bends to the chess-board,

And counts the game as fun,
The suffering stick on a trotter,
The card sharp who stands pat,
The man who in direct peril
Takes the base ball from the bat,
They all without one exception,
No matter what game they play,
Are sensible sort of people
By the fool who plays croquet:
The man with a wooden mallet
Pursuing a wooden ball,
And driving it through a wicket,
Is the fool that beats them all.
'Tis the game of the kinder garden
The game at which we scoff;
It is a great world beater,
Excepting the game of golf.
Those two are much of a sameness
You swat at a harmless ball,
You find it again and swat it all—
That said, you have said it all.

UNSELFISHNESS.

No trait is more beautiful than self forgetfulness and in this wicked world we do see it frequently manifested. A quaint old writer said that when God was dethroned from the human soul, self vaulted into the seat. But the grace of God often works against this hateful love and prevails. Heredity has much to do with the state and condition of the human soul and the way it rises superior to the difficulties of life. Blessings are preserved and handed down by christian ancestors, the prayers of those who are sainted now, not on the scroll canon of the church militant, but sainted in the presence of God and of the Lamb. I have sometimes felt I was sensibly helped by the prayers of one I never saw, a pious great uncle away up in New Hampshire, who, according to the custom of the people and the time filled up his spare time before the break of day by doing the family weaving, other occupations filling the day. He was a man of much prayer and often in the darkness before dawn then only relieved by tallow candles he would turn and kneel beside his loom and pray for his family and families yet to be born for them: my good believing uncle, whom I hope to meet some day in heaven! But I wander; lately I was sitting by a young mother surrounded by her three little children. I thought of her husband's projected and lengthy trip to the Holy Land and the old countries across the seas, and I asked her if he did not dread this trip and his absence. "Oh, I wish H. to go," was her buoyant reply. "He has long wanted it and it will be such a pleasant help to him in after ministerial work." "And would you not like to go?" "Oh, that is impossible," and Nellie smiled, content and happy: two little children were even then in her lap and a third plaintively begging "take mamma," but seeing the hopelessness of the situation for her, turned to play: the reasonable little creature. From Nellie I looked back to her mother who so heroically bore the spoiling of her goods the household treasures of a life time and more in a great configuration, calmly viewing the utter destruction, quietly accepting the inevitable. A noble woman!

Then I looked farther back in the line of ancestry, to the great grand mother of Nellie and we find a person who even in childhood might well be reckoned with the heroes of this world. I refer to Mary Moore, the Captive of Ab's Valley, whose history reads like a romance, and proves the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. Snatched from home by the Indians, the parents slain, Mary and her brother carried away captives, this little girl showed a fortitude, a strength of mind, a quick intelligence for present duty and patience sublime. Then and in after life the once captive maiden displayed an utter selflessness that told well for her and her descendants living today. God remembered Mary Moore and he will remember all who forgetting themselves delight to live and do for others.

A. L. P.

WILD BEES OF POCAHONTAS

A Tale of the Mountain Breeze.

The writer remembers on one occasion that he was sitting by a trout stream idling away the day between the taking of two trout. The air was soft from summer, and yet rarified by the altitude, for he was in the spruce woods. While sitting there on the bank of one of the most beautiful streams in the world, a honey bee dropped down on a flower beside him, and gathering its supply of pollen flew away.

It seemed to make no impression at the time, but it must have had a subconscious effect for a few hours afterward he remembered that he was at least fifteen miles from the nearest human habitation, and the bee must be wild and without an owner.

Now the next thing to killing a deer or taking a basketful of trout in the wilderness is the finding of a bee tree, but this particular bee must have been on the outskirts of its territory for we could never get a line on it afterwards.

This is the only personal experience we have had with wild bees with one exception. That was when we discovered a bee tree while fishing on the Greenbrier. It was early in the season and we failed to mark the tree. When we began to think of cutting it later in the season we found that a bee hunter had located it and cut his initial letter on it. He shortly afterward cut the tree while we were debating whether we should go in and take the honey regardless of the custom of the forest.

The unwritten law is that if bees be discovered in a tree at a time when the "first finder—first owner" is not ready to cut the tree, he can cut his initial on the tree and it is religiously respected by all true foresters.

The wild bee hunter does not cut the tree to amount to anything in marking it for that would attract too much attention. He will take the little blade of his knife, and cut his name in a projecting root near the ground, where it will be discovered upon close examination but which does not herald the fact to the woodsman that the trees contains bees.

Wild bees have been known to build their home in a cave or cleft in the rocks, but it is of such rare occurrence that it is not to be considered. Wild bees live in trees, and because of that fact the expression "bee-tree" has been coined.

All the wild bees of America have come from the common hive bee and were unknown in this country before the advent of the white people. It is said that a bee of any description was never seen west of the Mississippi prior to 1797, but that in a few years the forests became filled to a certain extent with them.

The way in which the forest is supplied with its quota of wild bees may be described. Every colony of bees consists of from 10,000 to 60,000 individuals. The greater part are workers, called neuters, or undeveloped females. There is one fully developed female, and from 600 to 2,000 males called drones. The drones are invariably put to death by the neuters after the swarming season is over.

The word queen is a misnomer, for she is really the property of the workers. She is valued as good deal as a favorite cow is valued by farmers. Like the cow in the "Little Brown Jug" she is well cared for:

"If I had a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
I'd feed her on the choicest hay
And milk her forty times a day."

As long as bees have a queen they can raise any number of queens; they want by simply changing the shape of the cell in which the eggs are deposited. Without a queen however they are worse off than a man without money. Having lost the means of propagating the colony, it disintegrates and dies.

When a colony is prosperous the queen lays as many as 2,000 eggs a day, and the hive becomes full. Then some of the single taxers or social reformers, or anarchists among the bees, in defense of law and order, in a surreptitious manner, elongate a cell and behold, another queen comes forth in about eighteen days.

The conservative bees begin to loaf around the corridors and buzz "Treason, Treason," and the liberal bees get out on the piazza and buzz "Down with Tammany" and directly the young queen is escorted out into the open air and there is much confusion. It is like a French revolution. Some follow the new queen and some stick to the old. The one party

buzzes: "Preserve law and order!" and the other: "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

The old woman of the farm gives the toe headed boy a slap on the side of the head and says: "Run and tell pap the bees are swarming."

She then takes a tin pan and invokes the gods to makethe bees settle on a convenient bush. This they nearly always do, and remain long enough to draft an averaged sized declaration of independence.

Pap arrives out of breath, and gets a new hive, a saw, his bee hat and gloves, and ma tells him to remember that if he holds his breath the bees can't sting him, as she urges him into the dangerous mob. This idea is based on the theory that when a strong man holds his breath he swells visibly and his epidermis becomes so hard that a bee sting cannot penetrate it.

If a convenient home is placed near the swarm, as a rule the bees will enter it and set up a new government.

If not they will rise in the air, and move off towards high timber. Pap will follow them across country with his eyes on the swarm and his feet taking care of themselves until he is covered with sweat. Finally he falls down, recovers himself, finds that he can no longer see the swarm, and says that he will be dad blamed if the blamed bees can't go to Jericho and be blamed.

We know of nothing that so fatiguing as to run a few miles on a hot summer day with your eyes on a swarm of bees in the air, and we have yet to hear of a single swarm being recovered when they once left the precincts of the hive. These swarms which escape furnish the quota of wild bees in the woods. Probably while the swarm is resting at the first stopping place, the ways and means committee is deciding on the permanent home. If a hive be furnished well and good; if not, a Tug becomes before the committee and offers a convenient tree and gives the course. Other hollow trees are suggested. The committee flies off at a mile a minute inspects the different sites for the proposed honey factory, comes back and reports, and in about thirty minutes if the bee farmer is not spry, his bees have found a permanent home in the woods, become wild by nature, and the property of the first one discovering the tree in which they are located.

I deduce this from Gong.

So you are not going to church this morning my son?
"Oh, yes; I see the music is not bad." That's a pity. That's what we go to church for, to hear the music we demand.

"And the pews are not comfortable." That's too bad; the Sabbath is a day of rest and we go to church for repose. The less we do through the week the more we clamor for rest on Sunday.

"The church is too far away; it is too far to walk, and I detest riding on a street car, and they are always crowded on the Sabbath." This is, indeed distressing. Sometimes I think how much farther heaven is away than church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description. I wonder how some of us are going to get there.

"And the sermon is so long always." All these things are to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street car, with a hundred other men, breathing an incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, hang on to a strap by your eye lids for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough board in the hot sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into your ears, and then come home and talk the rest of the family into a state of anai paralysis about the dearest game you ever saw played on that ground."

Ah, my boy, you see what stay-thing church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't a man out of a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give under oath the same reason for going to church. My son, if you don't think you ought to go you would make no excuse for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.—Published by Request.

The town of Bristol, Pennsylvania, has a resident weather prophet, David Mausides, whose pet name is "Old Probability." For many years he has made forecasts and only three mistakes on record in all that time. House keepers call on him every Saturday to inquire about Monday, the family wash day, and then make arrangements according to his forecasts. He predicts ninety-two days for the present winter, five of which have fallen. In his opinion the most severe storm of the winter comes in February.

Samuel Moore, Baltimore and Ohio car inspector at Grafton, W. Va., who was so badly burned by the explosion of fumes of alcohol, he is having entered the car with a lighted torch, died from his injuries.

ABOUT SPEAKEASIES.

A Prominent Citizen Speaks on This Important Question.

Editor Times:—
I read with much interest your pertinent remarks in the last issue of the Times, touching the very prevalent evil that infests our community, locally styled, "Pig's Ears," "Blind Tigers," "Speakeasies," etc. All of which appellations, being in the main of lowly and contemptible significance, are especially fitting to the illicit business which they cover, unless, indeed, it be the last one—that of "speakeasy," for it has been our observation that the brothers so styled and run, without the sanction of either God or man, have about them very little of a soft speaking character, but on the contrary are as a rule loud and noisome pertaining to fallen and sinful manhood.

I am not in a general sense opposed to the use of whiskey by those who desire to use it and feel that they can use it in proper moderation and not let the use of it enter into and form a part of their lives to their great degradation. Neither am I opposed to the sale of whiskey in the proper places. I am, to be plain, a high license man always, as I understand that term, for I hold that it is absolutely impossible to abolish the manufacture and sale of whiskey without in some manner detracting from our rights as free citizens, which are guaranteed us by our constitution and under the spirit of our laws and institutions. Then, granting that we must have it, let us by all means have it under and with the consent of the law, and if not this way not at all if it is possible to help it.

For God's sake deliver us from "speakeasies." A man running a licensed saloon is to some extent amenable to the law for his actions. He cannot sell to minors or habitual drunkards without answering before the proper tribunals. A man running a speakeasy is answerable to no one for his acts. In his code he acknowledges the supremacy of neither God nor the devil, and pays men or the laws of man not the slightest consideration. The smallest child and most besotted drunkard are alike allotted to his den as long as they have the price and promise to steer clear of the grand jury.

Every community is in a measure judged by strangers by the character of its laws and the manner in which these laws are enforced, and I believe it is often the case where men of capital who would be a real benefit to the public at large are deterred from locating in communities where investment of capital promises large returns to them, simply because the laws made to govern that community are enforced in a lax and lukewarm manner.

Now the law as a generally is mighty—the laws of West Virginia, specially speaking, are mighty, and properly enforced must prevail over the everlasting pleasure and benefit of the best part of the community and to the everlasting confusion of those who are in their natures enemies of all law and good rule.

Speakeasy men seem to have an idea that they can come within the borders of a local option town set up in business with a few gallons of mean whiskey, and by various crooks and turns, evade the law. What do they care for being arrested occasionally and being put under a six hundred dollar bond—one hundred to appear and answer any indictment and five hundred to refrain from selling until the adjournment of the next grand jury? This is a small matter—they can turn their business over to a friend and before the ink is fairly dry on the bond their doors are open and they are selling as freely as ever. Long before the next grand jury meets most of the witnesses that the State could have produced against them at the time of their arrest are far away and cannot be come at by any means at all some are away in regular course of business—perhaps the absence of others is procured by interested parties. They are not there—the prosecution fails for want of testimony—the Judge enters a rule against the absent witnesses—a rule to which no one ever responds, and the speakeasy man returns to his place of business and opens his doors to the public anew.

What we need to fight this evil, Mr Editor, is just what you suggest. A remedy that is ever at hand and one that is far reaching in its powers. Let the town council pass laws vesting in the mayor full jurisdiction in these cases, with power to fine and imprison, and let them appoint a suitable party to assist the mayor in the enforcement of these laws, and whose salary will be in the main derived from fees taxed against the convicted culprits, and you will find a twofold object will be attained—the fines imposed will greatly improve the town if properly expended in walks and streets, and the power of the law will gradually diminish until it will finally be forever lost.

Respectfully,
A CITIZEN.

Col. C. C. Elliott died yesterday at Meadowville, Barbours County, aged 57 years. He was Clerk of the Court for 12 years.

Ex-Gov. J. Hoce Tyler, of Virginia, is running coal mining at the Pocahontas Coal Mine at Marlinton.

Henry L. Cabell has been elected president of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce.

NOTICE.

The partnership of A. Harrison & Co., heretofore existing between Paul Golden and myself has been dissolved by a contract mutually entered into. All accounts due said firm are payable under said contract to the undersigned.

Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1902.
A. HARRISON.

TRACKING AN ENGINE

In Facing the Flame of a Coal Train

The old engineer of many years experience with locomotives was talking: "It makes a man work pretty quick to see another man on the track coming towards him." He meant a man driving a ponderous engine and train coming towards another engine and train. Irresistible projectiles and immovable obstacles they are almost.

"I was on the A. & J. road when I was a young man, and just after I got my first engine, I was taking out a westbound freight with the right of way over any east bound freights.

"I was on old No. 49, and the throttle would not stand open, and the engineer had to keep his hand on it all the time. This tires your arm fearfully, having it in a strained position for a long time. The engineers who had been running No. 49 had wired the throttle open.

"Just as I reached the top of the divide, I saw old man Staunton coming with No. 137, one of the company's biggest engines. I didn't take time to unloose the wire, I threw the throttle, broke the wire and reversed the engine. The wheels were spinning around and I threw it back and got it stopped just about the time Staunton hit me.

"There was no very great damage done. The heads of both engines were knocked in and the sparks and cinders were raining down upon the track. We blocked the road up for a while and directly the superintendent of the division came along.

"Staunton knew he was in for it, but he tried to get me in for some of it, and he told the superintendent that I didn't try to stop. "The superintendent came to me and told me what Staunton had said. It made me mad. I told him that I had stopped and could prove it to him.

"Where the engines came together and broke the heads of the boilers in they commenced to shed cinders and by those cinders you could see where Staunton had pushed me back three car lengths after we came together. The cinders were there to show for themselves. The superintendent said I was right and I got off scot free from that collision."

THE MEANING OF DO

This is one of the many amusing stories told of the late Alex W. Rider who lived on the top of the Allegheny in the pass between Pocahontas and Bath.

One day their store bill came in, and at several places was the item, "do." Not being able to remember having bought anything of that name his wife the next time he went to town, had him to inquire the meaning of those items charged "do."

The store keeper showed him that where the same article was charged twice in succession the abbreviation of ditto was used:

"To 1 lb Tobacco 40
do 40

The old man wended his way back home and the first question that his wife asked him was: "What does that do mean?"

The old man said: "It means that I'm a blamed fool and you're do."

The old man had plenty of wit and used to tell this tale with a great deal of relish.

APPOINTMENTS.

Huntersville Circuit, M. E. Church:
REV H. LAWSON, Pastor.
1st Sunday.—Mt Vernon 11 a. m.
Sunset 3 p. m.
Huntersville 7.30 p. m.
2d Sunday.—Marlinton 11 a. m.
Mt Pleasant 3 p. m.
3d Sunday.—Huntersville 11 a. m.
Bethel 3 p. m.
Mt Vernon 7.30 p. m.
4th Sunday.—Mt Pleasant 11 a. m.
Marlinton 8 p. m.

Appointments for Edway circuit M. E. Church for January. 1st Sunday Elk 10.30 a. m and Sixty Fork 3 p. m. 2nd Sunday, Swago 10.30 a. m and Marlinton 3 p. m. 3rd Sunday, Edway 10.30 a. m and Poages Lane that evening provided the school house is repaired. 4th Sunday, West Union, 10.30 a. m and Laurel Creek 3 p. m. I will give a lecture on Methodism in Marlinton December 29, 1901. A. M. Crabtree, Pastor.

The West Virginia Reform School at Pruntytown, near Grafton, has awarded the contract to Resser & Castoe, of Belaire, O., for a 200,000 gallon reservoir.

NOTICE.

AUCTION SALE

OF
Personal Property

I will sell at Public Auction at the residence of the late Washington Moore, on Knapps Creek, Saturday, January 25th, 1902,

the following property, to-wit:
3 Milch Cows
1 Grain Drill
1 Buggy Rake
2 Plows
1 Cutting Box
1 Wind Mill
2 Grinders
2 Iron Kettles
1 Corn Sheller
1 Cook Stove
Household and kitchen furniture, too tedious to mention.

Terms of sale: For all sums of \$5 and under cash; over that amount, upon a credit of six months bond with good personal security.

E. N. MOORE, Exec.
of Washington Moore, deceased.
SWECKER, Auctioneer.

THE

Marlinton Drug Store,

HARRY R. ECHOLS, Prop.
A complete line of Pure Drugs, MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, DYE STUFFS, BRUSHES, COMBS, STATIONERY, PAINTS, OILS, COLORS, PAINT BRUSHES, ETC.

A full line of the best tobacco, cigars and cigarettes.
ELEGANT STOCK OF LOWNEY'S CANDY.
Physicians prescriptions a specialty.

Undertaking,

Academy & Seebert, W. Va.

We keep on hand a line of Caskets, from the plainest to the best and finest ever seen in this county. Full line of burial robes for men, women and children. An elegant hearse, the only one in the county. Every thing up to date and first class. All messages by wire or phone to Academy or Seebert will receive prompt attention. Burials attended in person if so desired.

A. R. SMITH & CO.,

Smith & Hamilton

DEALERS IN

FRESH MEATS,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Orders filled by Express Promptly LOCATED NEXT DOOR to Bank of Marlinton Building. Fresh meats every Tuesday and Saturday.

EAST END LIVERY.

BY C. L. HANGER.

Good Safe Horses, Neat Clean Carriages, Prices Moderate.

I am now occupying the Wilson Stable near the Court house. Any one in need of a first class livery team will do well to call on me. Phone in office. Will treat you right.

Yours respectfully,
C. L. HANGER.

Marshall Business College

is located in the coming industrial center of three States; Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. Huntington is beautifully located on the Ohio River, has more wide streets and avenues than any other city in the country. College location most beautiful and healthy. Our close identification with the business interests of the three states immediately adjoining enables us to readily secure employment for our graduates. This is the coming commercial training school. Get your business education where you will be needed in the industrial world. Write for catalog today. Address: W. A. RILEY, Sec., Huntington, W. Va.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

MORGANTOWN.

Equipment: Ten buildings; libraries, laboratories, shops, aquaria, greenhouses.

Faculty: Sixty-five members, trained in the leading universities of the world.

Departments: Eleven, collegiate and professional.

Students: About 900 last year. Young men and young women admitted on equal terms to all departments.

Tuition: Free to all West Virginia students.

New Barber-shop

BERT BUSH, PROPRIETOR.
The Marlinton Barbershop will be opened on Tuesday, December 24, 1901, for business at the old stand adjoining the Gay & Kincaid Hotel. The shop will be conducted by Mr. Wm Hartenstein, one of the most expert artists in his line in Baltimore. All work guaranteed. Your patronage solicited.

POCAHONTAS BARGAIN

HOUSE,

It is good luck to you, if you are one of our customers. If not, here's to you, just the same

Hoping that you are satisfied with the bargain you got from us during 1901, and assuring you better service with better goods at lower prices than could be obtained elsewhere for the year 1902, We remain

Respectfully,

A. HARRISON.

Wagons and Fertilizers

Have in Stock the best Line of Fertilizers and Wagons in the County.

Flour, Grain, Salt,

At prices to Astonish you,

Let us have your Orders for

COAL

Watch this space for thirty days.

Farmer's Implement & Supply Co.,

Seebert, W. Va

Branch at BEARDS.

THE FURNISHER,

We only carry such goods as we can absolutely guarantee to be of the best quality, latest styles and from reliable manufacturers, and at prices so close to what others charge for what is known as seconds and thirds that you will be surprised that you have allowed yourself to be deceived so long.

We are sole agents for the famous "Knox" Hats, the "Ralston Health" shoes, Hannon & Son's fine shoes, and the noted "Doughs Shoe."

We carry everything worn by man and boy. You will always find the newest in neck wear, collars, cuffs, hosiery, and novelties.

Our line of underwear, from 50c to \$1 per garment, will make you smile when you think of the cold weather just ahead.

Our line of goods for working men are too numerous to mention and are all from the very best manufacturers.

Call on or write to us. Special attention paid mail orders.

Very respectfully,

The Furnisher.

ROBT. M. BELL, Salesman

RONCEVERTE, West Virginia.

Logs Bought

12 inches and up, Mostly 16 feet long. ASH,

BASS WOOD, BEECH, RED BIRCH, CHESTNUT, CHERRY, HEMLOCK, MAPLE, OAK,

POPLAR, SPRUCE, WALNUT Logs bought delivered at Marlinton by the wagon or car load. CASH ON DELIVERY.

Greenbrier River Lumber Co.,

We Will PAY CASH

On Stump for white oak 60 feet to 70 feet in length, 15 inches to 19 inches in diameter at butt, 8 inches to 9 inches in diameter at top and to be straight sticks.

Address

Wm. R. COLE & Co., Clover Lick, W. Va.

Wm. R. COLE & Co., 11 Broadway, New York